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Senior Recital: Once Upon a Time...: Elizabeth Marie Embser, soprano

Elizabeth Marie Embser

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Once Upon a Time...

Elizabeth Marie Embser, soprano

Emmett Scott, piano

Carolyn Kruszona, mezzo-soprano

Rachel Silverstein, mezzo-soprano

Kengo Ito, drums

Kevin Thompson, bass

Dan Felix, saxophone

Chris Walsh, trumpet

John Bourdelais, guitar

Rebecca Angel, voice

Kate Griffin, voice

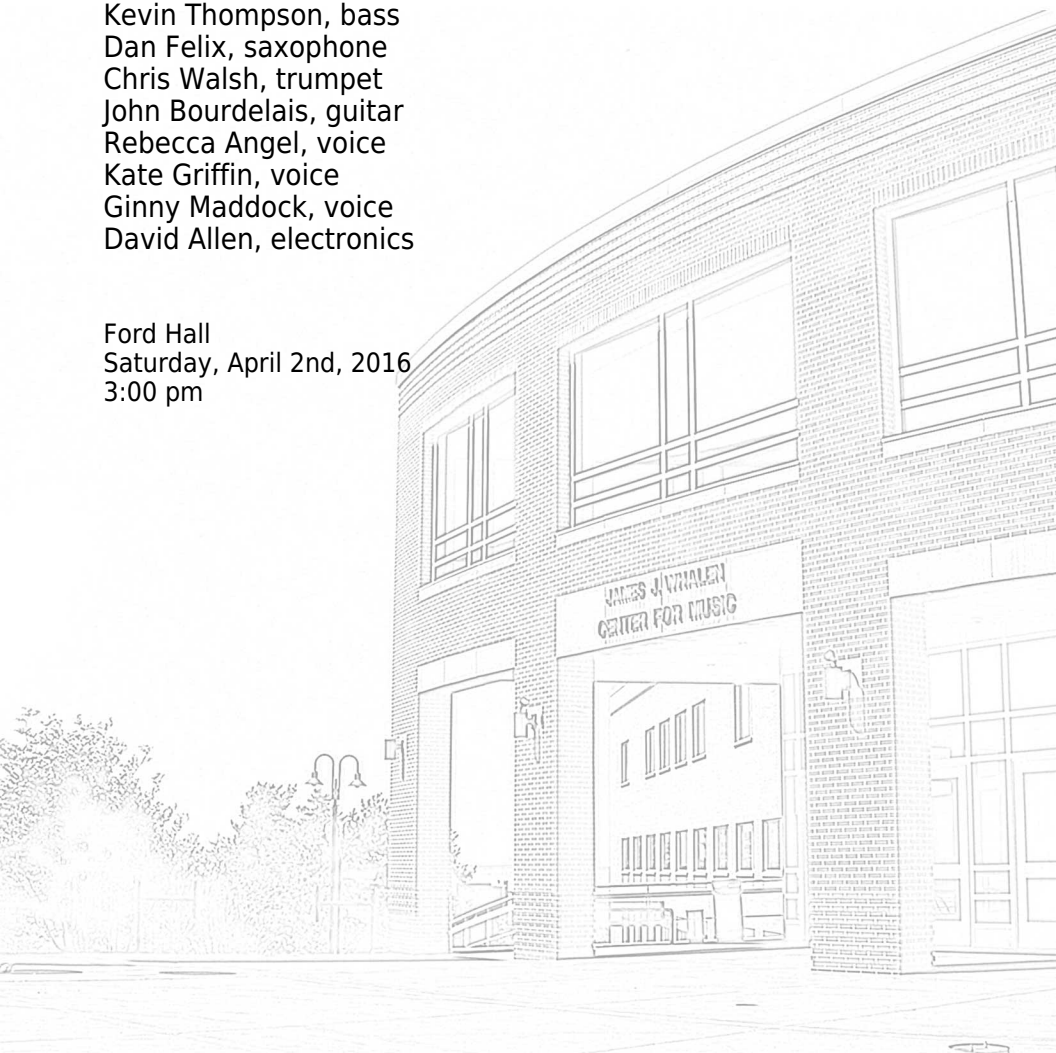
Ginny Maddock, voice

David Allen, electronics

Ford Hall

Saturday, April 2nd, 2016

3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Der Musikant
Die Zigeunerin

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Piangeró la sorte mia

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

La Diva de l'Empire

Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

La Belle au Bois Dormant

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Matinée d'été

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Rachel Silverstein, mezzo-soprano
Carolyn Kruszona, mezzo-soprano

Mein Herr Marquis

Johann Strauss II
(1825-1899)

Intermission

If I Ruled the World (1963)

Leslie Bricusse and Cyril Ornadel
Kengo Ito, drums
Kevin Thompson, bass

Rum and Coca Cola (1945)

Rupert Grant and Lionel Belasco
Rebecca Angel, voice
Kate Griffin, voice
Ginny Maddock, voice
John Bourdelais, guitar
Chris Walsh, trumpet

California Gurls (2010)

Katy Perry and Bonnie McKee
David Allen

A Dream is a Wish (1949)

Mark David, Al Hoffman, and Jerry Livingston
Dan Felix, saxophone

This recital is in fulfillment of the Vocal Performance degree.
Elizabeth Marie Embser is from the studio of Carol McAmis.

Translations

Der Musikant ("The Minstrel")

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,
Lebe eben, wie ich kann,
Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,
Paßt es mir doch gar nicht an.

I love the wandering life:
I live how I can.
If I were to trouble myself about
anything,
it would not suit me at all.

Schöne alte Lieder weiß ich;
In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,
Draußen in die Saiten reiße ich,
Weiß nicht, wo ich abends ruh!

I know lovely old songs;
in the cold, without shoes,
I pluck my strings out there
and do not know where I'll sleep in
the evening!

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
So ein armer Lump nicht wär.

Many a lovely girl makes eyes at
me,
as if to say she would like me well
if I only made something of myself
and were not such a poor beggar.

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,
Wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

May God provide you with a
husband,
and a house and yard!
If we two were together,
my singing would die.

Die Zigeunerin ("The Gypsy Girl")

Am Kreuzweg da lausche ich, wenn
die Stern'
und die Feuer im Walde
verglommen,
und wo der erste Hund bellt von
fern,
da wird mein Bräut'gam
herkommen.
La, la, la, la.

At the crossroads, there I listen,
when the stars
and the fires in the forests have
died down,
and where the first hound barks
from afar -
from there will my intended come.
La, la, la, la.

"Und als der Tag graut", durch das
Gehölz
sah ich eine Katze sich schlingen,
ich schoß ihr auf den nußbraunen
Pelz,
wie tat die weit überspringen!

"And when day broke, through the
copse,
I saw a cat creeping;
I shot at her nut-brown pelt
and how far she leapt!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

"Schad' nur ums Pelzlein, du kriegst
mich nit!

mein Schatz muß sein wie die
andern:

braun und ein Stutzbart auf
ung'rischen Schnitt

und ein fröhliches Herze zum
Wandern.

La, la, la, la.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

For shame with this little pelt - you
shall have me not!

My darling must be like the others:

brown and bearded with a
Hungarian trim

and a merry heart toward
wandering.

La, la, la, la.

Piangeró la sorte mia

Recitative:

E pur così in un giorno
Perdo fasti e gandezze?

Ahi fato rio!

Cesare, il mio del nume,
è forse estinto.

Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,
Nè sanno darmi soccorso.

O dio, non resta alcuna speme al
viver mio.

Aria:

Piangerò la sorte mia,
Sì crudele e tanto ria,
Finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno

Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettro agiterò.

Recitative:

And yet thus in a single day
do I lose splendour and greatness?

Ah wicked fate!

Cesare, my handsome sovereign,
is probably dead.

Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless,
nor do they know how to give me
assistance.

Oh God, there doesn't remain any
hope for my life.

Aria:

I shall lament my fate,
so cruel and so wicked,
as long as I have life in my breast.
But when I am dead, from all
around,

the tyrant, both night and day,
having become a ghost, I will
haunt.

La Diva de l'Empire

Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent

Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys

Under the great Greenaway hat,
Showing the burst of a smile,
Of a laugh charming and fresh
Of a surprised baby who sighs,
Little girl with velvety eyes,
It's the Diva of the Empire.
It's the queen of whom become
enamoured

The gentlemen
And all the dandys

De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle met tant de
douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,

L'accueillant de hurrahs
frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de
fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois

De son joli minois.

Elle danse presque
automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,

De ses jambes montrant le
frémissement.
C'est à la fois très très innocent
Et très très excitant.

Of Piccadilly.

In only a "yes" she puts so much
sweetness
That all the snobs in waistcoats to
heart,
Welcome her with frenetic hurrahs,
On the stage toss wreaths of
flowers,
Without noticing the mocking laugh

Of her sweet little face.

She dances almost automatically
And lifts up, oh very modestly,
Her underthings of frills and
furbelows,
Of her legs showing the quivering.

It is at the same time very very
innocent
And very very exciting.

La Belle au Bois Dormant ("Sleeping Beauty")

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil,
Un chevalier va par la brune,
Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil,
Sous un casque couleur de lune.

Dormez toujours, dormez au bois,
L'anneau, la Belle, à votre doigt.

Dans la poussière des batailles,
Il a tué loyal et droit,
En frappant d'estoc et de taille,
Ainsi que frapperait un roi.

Dormez au bois, où la verveine,
Fleurit avec la marjolaine.

Et par les monts et par la plaine,
Monté sur son grand destrier,

Holes in his ruby doublet,
A knight passes by the dark,
His hair full of sunshine
Under a helmet the color of the
moon.

Sleep always, sleep in the wood,
The ring, Beauty, on your finger.

In the dust of battles,
He has killed loyally and justly,
Striking with cut and with point,
as a king would strike.

Sleep in the wood, where the
vervena,
flowers with the marjoram.

And over the mountains and over
the plains,
mounted on his large steed,

Il court, il court à perdre haleine,
Et tout droit sur ses étriers.

He races, he races breathlessly,
Completely straight in his stirrups.

Dormez la Belle au Bois,
rêvez q'un prince vous épouserez.

Sleep, Sleeping Beauty,
dream that you will marry a prince.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs,
Sous l'éperon d'or qui l'excite,

In the forest of white lilacs,
Under the golden spur which urges
him on,

Son destrier perle de sang
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite.

his charger with pearls of blood
The white lilacs, and he goes more
quickly.

Dormez au bois, dormez, la Belle
Sous vos courtines de dentelle.

Sleep in the wood, sleep on, o
Beauty
under your curtains of lace.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil,
Le chevalier qui par la brune,
A des cheveux pleins de soleil,
Sous un casque couleur de lune.

But he has taken the ruby ring,
The knight who, in the dusk,
has hair full of sunshine,
under a helmet the color of the
moon.

Ne dormez plus, la Belle au Bois,
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt.

Sleep no more, Sleeping Beauty,
The ring is no longer on your finger.

Matinée d'été ("Summer Morning")

Le beau matin vient de luire
Vermeil et charmant,
Du fond du vallon gaîment
Monte comme un rire d'oiseaux
éveillés
Dans les bois feuillés

The beautiful morning comes with
gleams
Gold and lovely,
From the bottom of a joyous valley
Rises like an awakened bird's laugh
in the wooded forest.

Vite, vite, partons vite, ma petite
soeur,
Allons faire une visite
Au matin en fleur.

Quickly, quickly, we go quickly, my
little sister,
We are going on a visit
To the morning in bloom.

Plein ta légère corbeille
Il faut rapporter
Des branches de l'églantier
La moisson vermeille;
Je sauve tes doigts mignons
Des durs aiguillons;

Fill your light basket,
You must bring
Some branches of wild roses
To the scarlet harvest;
I save your little fingers
from the hard pricks;

Tu fais un festin de reine,
Un festin d'un morceau de pain,

Nous buvons à la fontaine
Au creux de la main.

Vers la chère maisonnette
Quand nous reviendrons
Alors nous nous sentirons
L'âme tout en tête
Si trop long est le chemin
Donne moi la main:

Nous aurons pour la journée,
Nous aurons, ma petite soeur,
Notre maison parfumée
Comme notre coeur.

You make a feast fit for a Queen,
A feast made only from a piece of
bread,

We drink from the fountain
In the palm of your hand.

Towards the expensive house
When we return
And we will feel
The celebration.
If the path is too long,
give me your hand:

We have for the day,
We will have, my little sister,
Our tasteful house
like our heart.

Mein Herr Marquis

Mein Herr Marquis, ein Mann wie
Sie
Sollt' besser das verstehn,
Darum rate ich, ja genauer sich
Die Leute anzusehen!

Die Hand ist doch wohl gar zo fein,
hahaha.
Dies Füßchen so zierlich und klein,
hahaha.
Die Sprache, die ich führe
Die Taille, die Tournüre,
Dergleichen finden Sie Bei einer
Zofe nie!

Gestehn müssen Sie fürwahr,
Sehr komisch dieser Irrtum war!

Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,
Ist die Sache, hahaha.
Drum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha
Ist die Sache, hahaha!
Sehr komisch, Herr Marquis, sind
Sie!

My Lord Marquis, a man like you

should better understand that,
Therefore I advise you to look more
accurately at people!

My hand is surely far too fine,
hahaha.
My foot so dainty and small,
hahaha.
In a manner of speaking
My waist, my bustle,
The likes of things you'll
never find on a maid!

You really must admit,
This mistake was very funny!

Yes, very funny, hahaha,
This thing is, hahaha.
You'll have to forgive me, hahaha,
If I laugh, hahaha!
Yes, very funny, hahaha
This thing is, hahaha!
Very comical, Sir Marquis, you are!

Mit dem Profil im griech'schen Stil
Beschenkte mich Natur:
Wenn nicht dies Gesicht schon
genügend spricht,
So sehn Sie die Figur!

Schaun durch die Lorgnette Sie
dann, ah,
Sich diese Toilette nur an, ah
Mir scheint wohl, die Liebe
Macht Ihre Augen trübe,
Der schönen Zofe Bild
Hat ganz Ihr Herz erfüllt!

Nun sehen Sie sie überall,
Sehr komisch ist fürwahr der Fall!

Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha
Ist die Sache, hahaha
Dum verzeihn Sie, hahaha,
Wenn ich lache, hahaha!
Ja, sehr komisch, hahaha,
Ist die Sache, hahaha

With this profile in Grecian style
being a gift of nature;
If this face doesn't give it away,
Just look at my figure!

Just look through the eye-glass,
then, ah,
At this outfit I am wearing, ah
It seems to me that love
Has clouded your eyes,
The chambermaid image
Has fulfilled all your heart!

Now you see her everywhere,
Very funny indeed, is this situation!

Yes, very funny, hahaha
This thing is, hahaha.
You'll have to forgive me, hahaha,
If I laugh, hahaha!
Yes, very funny, hahaha
This thing is, hahaha!